

Help Fill
the War
Chest



Quiz Show
at Service
Club Tonite

VOL. 1, NO. 40

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER 13, 1943

"G.I'm Happy" A Smash Hit

Wednesday night saw the unveiling of a musical revue that proved a terrific hit. Strictly a G. I. Show for G. I. Joe & Co., the show had everything . . . even girls. And when I say Lucille Ball is no eyesore, I don't mean to disparage Dorothy Todd, who with her husband, Pvt. Arthur Todd, of Anza, stopped the show cold with their sensational song arrangements.

Cully Richards and Desi Arnaz, originators and co-producers of this all-soldier hit, were never better. Cully in rare form doing his inimitable comedy sketches and Desi singing those Latin American songs as only he can. What personalities those boys are!

And Miss Ball—what a honey! You won't find many Hollywood stars stepping into a G. I. show and letting their hair down as this lovely lady so graciously does. Then there was Eddie Beal tickling the ivories like the master of jive he is; Sammie Greene, a rhythmic tap dancer, and all

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— FILL THE WAR CHEST —

New Red Cross Building Started

The first load of lumber arrived on November 8 at Camp Anza for the construction of the new American Red Cross Headquarters and Administration Building for the use of the servicemen stationed here. The building will be conveniently located, being but a block away from the main gate and accessible to the public visiting the camp, and but a short step from the enlisted mens' service club. There will be ample room for general offices and fine private interviewing rooms for Field Directors. Space will also be available for other Red Cross facilities such as a parcel wrapping room; (a service greatly appreciated), and a storeroom for comfort articles, games and reading matter. The building will be a barracks type to conform to the general architecture prevailing here.

The Camp Anza Red Cross building should be ready for operation of its facilities on or about January 15, 1944.

GI Playwright Contest Ends Dec. 1

Camp Anza soldier-playwrights who are planning to enter the \$10,000 national playwrighting contest for service men and women, being sponsored by the National Theater Conference, were reminded this week that December 1 is the deadline for submitting manuscripts.

Originally the contest had been scheduled to close September 1, but was extended following requests from many service men and women for additional time in which to prepare their manuscripts.

Manuscripts should be mailed to: Playwrighting Contest, National Theater Conference, Western Reserve University, Cleveland (6), Ohio.

— GIVE ONCE FOR ALL —

Swiss Bell Ringers Entertain

Reverend and Mrs. Mason, the Swiss Bell Ringers, from the Christian Fellowship Center in Riverside, entertained at the Hospital Recreation Room and Service Club Thursday. They presented many novel arrangements on the Solovox, vibraharp, and musical saw, and were appreciatively received for their artistry.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Does anyone have a radio to sell? If so, contact the Special Service Office.

War Chest Drive on At Anza This Week

Men and women of Anza! The War Chest campaign is on! All of us, soldier and civilian alike, on this Post, as well as in every military base throughout the country, have been given the privilege of contributing to the War Chest during this annual drive. This campaign is for the purpose of raising money to maintain the services of our Armed Forces through the U. S. O. and Prisoners' Aid; and to our merchant seamen through United Seamen's Service. Over

Anza's "Own" Show Progressing

Anza's "own" musical comedy is deep in rehearsal these nights, the boys and girls all hopped up over the show's plot and terrific musical score. The spirit and energy of the cast is remarkable, with all co-operating beautifully to help make this show a red-letter enterprise in Anza history.

ASTC Theatre Open Daily

The theatre at the ASTC has been reopened and movies are being shown nightly except Thursday. Since their programs are different than ours you can always catch a movie you may have missed. One show at 6:45 p.m.

One half the National War Fund goal of \$125,000,000 is for these three services. The balance is to be divided between eleven allied national groups, two refugee services which normally derive their funds from the usual Community Chest Drive. So you can see that when you contribute to this War Chest Campaign you are giving not only to your favorite charity, but also to very many other worthwhile relief organizations. That is the plan and purpose of this War Chest Campaign. To give once, thereby giving to all.

Now, all of us certainly cannot be expected to make equal contributions. With this in mind a scale for all personnel, military and civilian, has been designed. Enlisted personnel should contribute a minimum of fifty cents; commissioned officers, as their circumstances permit; civilian employees one hour's pay per month for twelve months; concessionaires approximately 1½% of their net annual income.

This is a proven plan and assuredly we at Anza should support it with 100% participation. Our buddies here, abroad, and in Axis prison camps; our Allies; and our people at home will all benefit from this concerted War Chest Campaign. So give! Give once for all, give enough for all.

Anza's drive begins Wednesday, November 17th. There will be solicitors in every section of camp who will accept contributions in cash or pledges. Everyone contributing will receive an appreciation card and the Official War Chest tag which should be worn by each individual on the post during this drive. Those giving through the camp and residing off the post, will receive a

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Colonel Boone's Retirement Message

31 October 1943

Colonel Earle R. Sarles
Commanding Officer, Camp Anza
Arlington, California

Dear Colonel Sarles:

In relinquishing command of the Los Angeles Port of Embarkation upon my retirement this date, I wish to express to you my sincere appreciation of the assistance you have rendered me during the past six months.

You have been most able, efficient, cooperative, hard-working and helpful in every way. You have a model Staging Area which will, I am sure, continue to perform its mission most effectively under your continued guidance.

To you, Colonel Wood, and to Major Johnson, and the other splendid officers of your staff I extend my sincere thanks and all good wishes for the future.

Most sincerely yours,

ABBOTT BOONE
Colonel, T C
Commanding



Special Service Officer
1ST Lt. A. W. MINARD

Editor
PVT. ELI BELL

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VOL. 1, NO. 40 NOVEMBER 13, 1943

America First--But Always American

America first — but always American. We have let the isolationists take the phrase "America First" and pervert it to selfish ends. America first we agree with—but not with the "and to hell with the rest of the world" spirit. They claim they are the only real Americans, the only true patriots.

But after all, when we say America first, what do we mean? We mean that we will keep the ideals that have made America first among nations, first in our hearts and in our lives. It means we will work one for all, not all for one.

We mean that we believe in the equality of all men before the law with equal access to justice in fact. Or as Sumner Welles phrased it, "The equality of individuals, like the equality of people cannot be granted by fiat. Equality depends on their own achievements and upon their own intrinsic worth. But to equality of human rights, and to equality of opportunity, every human being is by Divine Right entitled. That is the essence of our democratic faith."

We will put this faith into action by not discriminating against any of our citizens, our neighbors in this America, whether they be rich or poor, black or white, Jew or Gentile, Americans by birth or by choice. We mean that we believe in the Constitution of the United States as the framework of the form of government under which we want to live. We will therefore see to it that our Bill of Rights, and its corresponding bill of duties is not infringed upon by us in any particular.

We mean that we believe in the system of free enterprise under which we have flourished, a system free from compulsory labor, irresponsible private power, arbitrary public authority and unregulated monopolies. We mean that we believe in the freedom of the self-governed, the restraints upon our tongue and pen, those of self-control and good taste, not the power of a secret police.

We mean that we believe in majority rule and that we will willingly and cheerfully abide by the decisions of the majority—until the next election—cooperating with our fellow Americans to build

(Cont. on Page 4)

Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Guff About the Guys in the Next Tent

* * *

Medics THE ONLY different things this week are Sgt. Moran's tie and the way Snafu laughs when the boys in No. 6 walk bare-foot with lights out. I mustn't forget to mention the good way "pistol packing Yearwood" and "Dr. Shrock Conrad" look in their whites. It is also time to say something about the play—the epic of Anza. It is worth waiting for. Dolgoff romances and in the third act plays the part of a front porch. It reminds me of the picture "Lassie Comes Home," only in this case nobody's got a home to go to. I don't know what the title is but the second night they are going to call it "For Whom the Tomatoes Fly." Now, if I can sneak in at one or two rehearsals I will have more to tell you next week. But in the meantime you should know that Sgt. Clark worked late the other night. That hump on Pvt. Quinn's bump isn't a door's fault. That the distance between the pitcher's box and home plate reminds me of the Oregon trail. And that is all except for the things you know and don't tell about. Of those things some are good and the others bad. Maybe the good ones are the pass you had or the extra pork chop you almost had. Speaking of good times—Sgt. Jackson has nine new pounds of it in his family. All I can say is that I am glad and you're a better man than I am Gunga Din.

—by S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

* * *

MPs WELL, THE PLACE has finally been cut and quartered—looks like the MP's got the hind quarter. Faces of anxiety and worry have supplanted those of anticipation. A few lines from "Casey at the Bat," rearranged by Wild Bill Daly follow:

There is no joy at Anza,
For the new TO is out!

You should read the unprintable part. . . . If that PX No. 1 was less like the matronly lady—you know—enlarged in the wrong places, possibly more of the men would remain in camp for their relaxation. A sardine has infinitely more space than the purchasers of 3.2. Wonder whatever happened to that contemplated "Beer Garden?" That inimitable and unpredictable Bellante pops up again as the most envied man in camp, teaching the Wacs and Nurses the "gentle" art of Judo. Must be a welcome change from those Main St. characters, Red. . . . That recent shortage of cigars was caused by the addition to the Glockner family. Mrs. Glockner reports Morris and the baby as doing fine. . . . It has been proven that "anything can happen at Anza." The former Bronx Hepcat has gone square, so say the reports on Fraina from the La Sierra barn dance. . . . Joe Scarpitta, now resting comfortably in the Station Hosp., would improve much faster if an MP guard were established down at "Trailerville" to protect his hearthrob from that Ordnance Wolf and herself.

—by Cpl. Bernard Mitchell

* * *

Officers NEWS: What's new with the officers here-a-bouts? You tell me—I'd like to know. What I do know this week is relatively little—so, a little will have to go far—that is, far enough to stretch to your correspondent's feeble final signature. Coming and going: A brand new addition—welcome to Lt. Sirhal, M.C., formerly of Michigan. Now that state can lay claim to two local medics—Bowl-'em-over-knock-'em-down Tenaglia and Lt. Sirhal. (Will find out more about Lt. Sirhal's bowling propensities in the next column—if he bowls.) A not-so-brand-new edition of Capt. Ames is circulating here-a-bouts again, after a nice overhaul job at Palm Springs, where there is no shortage of vital surgical materials—or good medics. And ask Capt. Weaver, our own good veterinarian who just left Ward 8, about our own local medics. Go ahead—ask him! The Station Hospital never had a better public relations patient. And the Station Hospital lost its first medical officer, Major Tavares, who was the first medic to report here—back in the "weedy" days of last September. Best of luck, and we're all sorry to see you go. A bit of whimsy: Would anyone know who little Buttercup is? "Sweet Little Buttercup, Dear Little Buttercup," is some 1st Lt.'s new monicker. It all happened when . . . In any case, Major Johnson was there. Maybe he'd like to tell the story. . . . And speaking of Majors there was that hungry Major—and a certain Lt. who invited two WAC officers to a delicious T-bone steak dinner at the club—but a certain new regulation was dusted off and there was no

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Zip Presents . . .



2nd Lt. Warren M. Easton,
Public Relations and
Intelligence Officer

A "Yankee" by birth, but a Californian by choice (do I hear razzberries) is our personable Public Relations and Intelligence Officer, Lt. W. M. Easton.

Twenty years ago he moved to Los Angeles, and was employed by the Federal Reserve Bank in that city. After several years of experience he entered business for himself and remained in it for seven years. A desire to play "cops and robbers" got the better of him so through Civil Service he entered the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office as investigator. There he gained invaluable experience which is holding him in good stead in his present capacity.

To further his competence and increase his understanding of investigation work he completed the course at the F.B.I. School and attended U.S.C. majoring in subjects allied with police work. Before entering the Army he was detailed from the Sheriff's Office and appointed the Director of Civilian Defense in the southern sector of Los Angeles County.

In July of 1942 he enlisted in the Army as a private, and took the regular 13 weeks of basic training at Camp Roberts, Calif. Then followed four weeks of non-commissioned officer's school and in November 1942 appointment as an officer candidate to Ft. Benning's School of Infantry. In February 1943 he graduated as a 2nd Lt. and sent to Camp Wolters, Texas where he remained until May 1943.

Fort Mason was his next stop. There he was transferred to the Transportation Corps and sent to Anza as Ass't. Provost Marshal. In July he was assigned as Ass't. Intelligence Officer, and in August

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Chaplain's Corner . . .

By Chaplain Jasper C. Havens

TIPS

The best ammunition misses the mark if the aim is poor.

A grudge is too heavy a load for anyone to carry.

Forgiveness is the perfume that the trampled flower casts back upon the feet that crushed it.

The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.

— GIVE ENOUGH FOR ALL —

War Chest Drive

(Cont. from Page 1)

window sticker for their home indicating that they have already participated.

Let's all support this campaign! Col. Sarles who is wholeheartedly supporting this drive has indicated that our post should not only meet the quota but exceed it. We can do it! Remember you give once and you give for all.

Further information can be obtained by contacting Captain Thomas at the Judge Advocate Office.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

"GI'm Happy" a Hit

(Cont. from Page 1)

"class"; Charley Aaron, unparalleled as an acrobatic dancer; the Camp Anza quartette, tops in harmony; Cpl. Henry Timmerman and his beautiful voice; zanies Thomas Jackson, Louis Rawitsch and Miss Martin Martin; all contriving to make this show the success and memorable evening's entertainment it was.

Yes sir, the boys were a solid hit, and never was an opening night's performance more enthusiastically received.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Attention Masons!

Evergreen Lodge No. 259, F. & A. M. will specially convene Friday evening, November 19th, at 7:30 p.m. in the Masonic Temple, Riverside, California, to confer the Second Degree of Masonry. Refreshments will be served. All Fellowcraft Masons are cordially invited to attend.

T/7 Clem Bioya Sez . .



"Whether you're rich or poor it's always good to have money."

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

steak for our Major and Lt. So they sat and munched a ham on rye while the WAC's were digging into a nice, juicy, delicious steak, with all the trimmings. Getting hungry? It won't do you any good because that's all there is to this column. . . . Thanks for reading.

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel, M. C.

* * *

Ordinance

FIRST OF ALL, from whom do I get the apology for messing up my column last edition? Of course you realize that there is a lot of explaining to do to clear up this matter. Let's keep the proof-readers on the ball, hey. Second: Where do these seven month soldiers get off telling "old-timers" about Army life? For guys who come direct to a camp like this from their induction centers, get corporal ratings, and then sit around on their laurels the rest of the time, they've got a lot of guts to mention anything about being a soldier. For a certain corporal's information, there are eight men in the Ordinance whose service totals more time than the whole TC detachment. Anytime you want to know anything about the Army, Cpl. B., drop over to the small-arms shop and get smartened up. . . . I want to welcome back Capt. Millard Maynard who is acting Ordinance Officer during the absence of Capt. Hicks. We like him just as well now as when he was our old M/Sgt. in Fort Mason and enjoy working with him. Laydeez and Gents, (hiss) in this corner at 175 lbs. we have "Walloping Walck" and in the other corner we have, at 180 lbs., "Hard-Hitting Harris." Go to it boys. P.S. They did. Sorry, there is no room for personalities this week, but just watch the next issue. As a special attraction we will publish a poem written by one of our boys and dedicated to a certain female-about-camp. S'long for now. . . .

—by S/Sgt. Lloyd S. Klaskin

* * *

Svce. Det.

DO NO LITTLE THINGS—they have no power to stir men's blood! This is the spirit of the Det. So "whatcha say?"—let's churn the blood of the girls with a "hotcha" dance this month. And a little dough will not do the trick. . . . Your 100% pledge to the War Fund, Inc., as members of the Armed Forces, truly stirs the blood. Thanks fellows. . . . Say, here's a tip—"Keep that pledge card with your pass at all times." . . . Do you recall that song: "Papa don't allow no messin' around here?" Well—"get us good now"—there are a few "dough boys" who had better make this their theme song or else—"somebody's gonna stir their blood." . . . Have you noticed lately: Pvt. "Pete" Turner is coming back into his own by degrees. He had the old fight at the softball game; Pfc. "Red" Hill grumbling for heavy duty at the Motor Pool . . . "a 10 wheeler"; Pvt. Julian Ware on the beam; Pvt. "Betcha" Midds ringing the gong at the Serv. club. . . . As Pvt. Nub Brawner says: Even them "little dice" ain't no more good. And can you understand just how a little man like him can stir up so much chow—it must be his big spirit. . . . In the end, we all know, the CO don't allow no "pity-patting" now.

—by Cpl. Guy L. Miller, Jr.

* * *

Civilians

IT WAS "Apple Blossom Time" for Dorothy Johnson Wednesday evening when her name was changed to Mrs. Roy Bryan. (Not Ryan, Dottie!) Everyone wishes you both the best of luck. . . . Marcia Cantor claims that she can see better with her red-rim glasses; she now knows in what section she works. . . . Elizabeth Crisp likes living in a trailer; could it be the ice man? Who of the housing project hangs pictures so late in the night! Overheard Angie Latina saying there's not a "stick of furniture" in her living room! . . . It won't be long now 'till Jane and Mattie Stepanski will be furlough bound—enjoy yourselves! . . . Miriam Van Iten is a welcomed new addition to the Station Hospital staff. . . . The Civilian Personnel office gave a farewell dinner for Evelyn Middleton, Wednesday and welcomed into its folds the following day Dorothea Jackson who will work in the Civilian Payroll Section. . . . It happened at Camp Anza—secretary marries boss! Congratulations are in order! . . . The peaches have become roses—what will you give her next, Mr. Fletcher? . . . Latest addition to the Insurance and Allotment Section of Military Personnel is Dorothy Orton. . . . Just when is Helen Brusca going to run out of giggles! . . . The Civilians of Camp Anza heartily appreciate the privilege of seeing the series of pictures entitled "Why We Fight."



THRU THE KEYHOLE

Sgt. Bill Logan, the fisherman, or should I say retriever. . . . The boys at the Main Gate—always on the job—always the same faces. Wonder when they get to town. Lt. Goldstein and Captain Chambers, the camps best marble machine artists. . . . Betty Kinnich and her payroll problems. . . . Have you seen Sgt. Kane's new baby lately? He's really tops. . . . Velma Alexander having people sign their life away. . . . Captain Ames back looking like a million. . . . The beautifully romantic nights—Wac and G. I. silhouetted against the colorful and snow capped mountains. . . . The double decker busses—a bit of metropolitan life. Seeing them makes you homesick. . . . A popular rendezvous these nights—the switchboard at the Service Club. . . . The hush in the hospital PX every Sat. morn just after "Zip" arrives—everybody with their noses deep in the sheet. . . . Lillian Shure with the voice that carries. . . . Fire Chief Jerry Renck hotter than a fire-cracker. . . . Lt Mark Ryan, better known as "Ol' Baldy." . . . Lt. Head plus \$25.00 cash money, equals a hungry payroll section. . . . Orchids to Captain Maisel and his poetic genius. . . . Captain La-Point out bright and early. . . . Nona Pilcher and her blue chariot getting a wash job. . . . Doris Blymer and that tricky smile. . . . Helen Shobe receiving a letter with the subject: Love Letter. . . . Captain Baldrige the business man. . . . Catherine Smith's personality plus. . . . Lt. Minard and his perfect baseball physique. . . . Joe Shure calling his wife's fur collar dog fur. . . .

— FILL THE WAR CHEST —

2nd Lt. Warren M. Easton

(Cont. from Page 2)

as Camp Intelligence and Public Relations Officer.

He is happy in his work at Anza and secure in the knowledge that he is doing a job for which he is admirably suited. Nevertheless, his greatest desire is to be an ex-serviceman, but until that day arrives he will be right in there pitching and doing his share. When this war is over and his wish realized, he will return to civilian life and his first love, police investigation.

Reader's Column . . .

THE ROOKIE SAYS—

I always thought that soldiers
Had one kind of uniform,
And always marched on sunny
days,
Not through the rain and storm.

When walking in a public square
And seeing soldiers tall,
I never dreamed they even owned
A pair of overalls.

I always thought of gallant deeds
Of medals on a chest,
I never thought that they could
mop
A floor, to beat the best.

But I have found and not from
books
That I was sorely wrong,
For now I wear a uniform
And sing a soldier's song.

And this I say to all who think
The way that I once thought,
Just join our growing army
And learn what I was taught.

That medals on a uniform
And dreams of battles won—
Come only when the mop is dry
And when the K.P.'s done.

—Robert Tesmer.

I HEARD TWO PEOPLE SING

I heard two people sing last night,
I also heard them play.
It seems their songs were soft and
light,
And chased my blues away.

There were other men around,
But it seems they sang to me.
Their music made my poor heart
pound,
And filled my soul with glee.

Many songs they sang and played,
Songs, some new and old,
They'll linger on and never fade
Like pure and refined gold.

I'm glad I heard these people sing,
They really were all right.
And I only hope tomorrow will
bring
Another musical night.

(Written on the 25th of October, while
listening to the soft, sweet music of
Pvt. and Mrs. Todd at the Service Club.)
—Cpl. Harry R. Westray.

—FILL THE WAR CHEST—

Always an American

(Cont. from Page 2)

a finer, stronger and more prosperous nation.

We mean that we believe in the great tradition for which America stands. We mean that we believe in an America so strong, so self-contained that it is capable of retaining its individual integrity while living in the brotherhood of hope and unison with men of every race, or nationality.

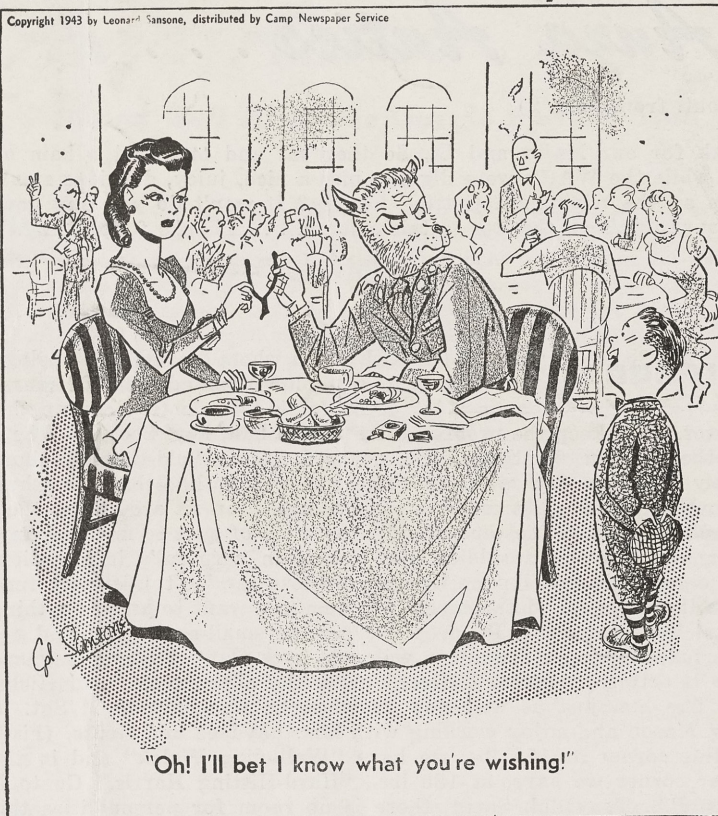
America first—yes—but let us keep it always American.

—Asher F. Seale

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"G.I. Joe" Would Like to Know . . .

"WHERE DO YOU THINK THE NEXT ALLIED INVASION ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE?"

Pfc. Sydney Laxer, Finance Department: "In the Balkans, because the underground movement of these countries is rapidly organizing the people into a solid revolution against the Axis invaders. Before long the United Nations will land troops and supplies to assist them in driving the Germans back."

T/5 Anthony Ruggiero, MP Det.: "I believe the next invasion attempt will be massed from England. The distance is short and though Germany may be prepared defensively to combat such a maneuver, our Air Forces will so soften their defenses that casualties should not be excessive in the initial landing."

1st Sgt. Richard J. Buckman, TC Det.: "Denmark. The Allies could attempt a landing at any part of the French coast but it is too well fortified and would require months of air pounding to soften it up. Denmark is the logical place."

Pvt. Sam S. Smith, MP Det.: "In my opinion the next invasion attempt will be made through Yugoslavia. The plan will be to contact and combine forces with General Tito, leader of the Partisan Yugoslavian army."

Pvt. Orlando Bonitati, TC Det.: "Seems to me that the next invasion attempt will drive at the southern part of France. The Al-

News from Here And There

Ft. Logan, Col.—Before Irving Gold was drafted he was a civilian instructor at the Army Air Forces clerical school here. His salary was \$216 a month. After his induction as a private he was assigned to his old job. His salary—\$50 a month.

New Guinea—S/Sgt. Howard Ostler of Chelsea, Mass. shot down two Jap planes in a raid over Wewak. He returned to his base and found a notice directing him to report to the range next day, to qualify as a gunner.

Ft. Knox, Ky.—A new cream has been developed which gives almost 100 per cent protection against flash burns up to nearly 1000 degrees C., the Armored Force Command here has announced. It is expected that the cream will be especially effective in tank forces where burns account for one-third of all casualties.

—by CNS

lies control the Mediterranean Sea, have their biggest relocation centers in Africa. However, I don't believe any such movement will be attempted until the spring."

T/4 Arthur Mandel, Casual Det.: "When the invasion starts I believe it will be in the form of a double drive. One across the English Channel, and one through Norway."

Sportlights . . .

Here's one you can chew on awhile.

Who was the greatest football player you ever saw in your life? Red Grange, perhaps, or Tom Harmon or Bronko Nagurski? Or maybe Don Hutson, Mel Hein, or Bruiser Kinard?

The best guess is that you can't answer this question at all. And if you can't you're in good company, because the best grid coaches in the country can't answer it either.

Esquire Magazine in a recent poll of football coaches found that they all had their favorites, but most of them didn't agree with the other guy's choice.

Grange got more votes than anyone else and a lot of the coaches thought that the Illinois red-head's 95-yard touchdown runback of the opening kickoff in the 1924 Illinois-Michigan game was the best single play they had ever seen on a football field.

That was the day when a Michigan player, at the opening kickoff, turned to the Illinois center and said:

"Where's this guy Grange? We want to kick to him."

"He's right by the goal posts," the Illinois center replied. "Go ahead and kick."

Michigan went ahead and kicked and Grange returned the boot 95 yards for a touchdown. Before the game was over, Grange made four more touchdown runs of 67, 56, 44 and 15 yards and Illinois won, 39 to 14.

Stout Steve Owen, coach of the New York Giants, once told Grantland Rice that his all-time All-American backfield would be composed of Grange, Nagurski, Thorpe and Dutch Clark. "And maybe Nevers," he added.

A couple of days later Stout Steve called Rice on the telephone.

"Hey," he said. "I left off Ken Strong. You can't leave off Ken Strong."

As you can see, your guess is as good as Steve Owen's—so, who do you like?

—by CNS

—GIVE ONCE FOR ALL—

It Happened Yesterday . . .

One of the nicest gestures ever conceived around an Army camp, or anywhere for that matter, was bestowed on Pvt. Westervelt, former 1st Sgt. of the now defunct QMC Det. The boys of his former Detach., in appreciation and respect for his always considerate manner and good fellowship have presented him with a beautiful wrist watch and an Army signet ring.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Indianapolis—The local draft boards report men quit defense jobs to join the Army. The men think the war will soon be over and they want to get in before it's too late to become veterans.